

Doctor Aphra. I have need of you

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Doctor Aphra. I have need of you

by [lefemmerouge](#)

Summary

The good doctor thought she was about to die, but the one-and-only dark lord saved her, the same person who murdered a curator named Utani Zane in front of her. Many people would have taken their chances, and plunged to their painful, untimely deaths. She wasn't most people. When the dark lord extended a hand, she took it. She saw it as her door. It was a big moment, one with epic proportions. What came next was something that surprised and shocked her beyond belief...

Notes

Happy International Day For Monuments and Sites! This day, also known as World Heritage Day, is an international observance held on April 18th each year around the world with different types of activities, including visits to monuments and heritage sites, conferences, round tables and newspaper articles. I thought this was fitting considering that Doctor Aphra is a treasure hunter, not just of caves but... the treasure of women themselves (i.e. women she would treasure).

At first, I used some fanart of "Lady Vader" by theartofnieriell as inspiration. However, I later learned that the fan artist had been using the term "Lady Vader" to refer to *Leia* not Darth Vader, so I had to change it up a bit, making it less of an inspiration for this fic than I originally planned. Presently, there are about 20 fics on here with the tag "[Female Darth Vader](#)," with the first of those fics in [April 2014](#). I even looked on Tumblr using the search term "female darth vader," but that wasn't much help. What did help, and was a partial inspiration, was the fic Lady Skywalker (added to inspirations) by Vigil_of_the_Red_Waste (can only be read on here). Much of the fic was also based upon pages 24-29, 33 of the [Doctor Aphra Script](#) by Sarah Kahn (for the really enjoyable audio drama which I'd recommend to anyone), plus some images from the DuckDuckGo [search](#) for "female darth vader." Prior to publishing this fic, I re-read the first chapter of "[Star Wars: Doctor Aphra Omnibus Vol. 1](#)" (otherwise known as Darth Vader 3 "Vader Part III"), so that was an additional inspiration.

The title for this fic comes from the line that Vader says when saving Aphra. The first draft for this fic was written on April 6th and pasted into Sunset the following day, for a length of 1,261 words. I'd love to do more fics with this gender-swapped Darth Vader in the future, if I have time, although I'm unsure what form that would take. Note that in-canon Aphra and Vader *do not* have a romantic relationship, they *only* have a twisted business relationship, if you can call it that.

As always, comments and constructive criticism are welcome.

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

- Inspired by [I hope someone has done a fanfic of this, as there's so much you could do with this...the whole idea of Lady Vader too... it would...create so many different dynamics...Aphra would show up too](#) by lefemmerougewriter [on Tumblr]
- Inspired by [Vader Family AU: Vader wins the battle on Mustafar and...](#) by theartofnieriel
- Inspired by [Darth Vader's armor](#) by Wookieepedia
- Inspired by [Female Darth Vader](#) by Fantasy Space
- Inspired by [What If Darth Vader Was Female?](#) by Barrie Bramley
- Inspired by [Female Darth Vader Makeup](#) by All the My Bios
- Inspired by [Lordess Vader arise](#) by Mister E
- Inspired by [Restricted Work] by [Vigil_of_the_Red_Waste](#)

She thought it was all over. She held the Triple-Zero Personality Matrix in her free hand, clasping it tightly with her brown-and-red fingerless leather glove, while her other hand desperately clung to the platform's edge for dear life. Maybe she had curated her death for that moment. She had already avoided lasers, for the most part, with the help from some so-called "antique stealth microdroid dust," while crawling on her hands and knees. At that moment, she heard the words "Doctor Aphra. I have need of you." They echoed in her head. She had seen this dark lord, who was feared through the galaxy, straight-up murdering a curator named Utani Zane. Most people would have taken their chances and let go of the rickety ledge, plunging to their painful, untimely deaths. She wasn't like those people. When the dark lord extended a hand, she took it. She saw it as her door. It was a big moment, one of epic proportions.

When pulled onto the platform, by a strong hand inside a black glove, it all came into focus. She realized something she had never known, something no one had ever told her, something she did not realize at any point earlier: Darth Vader wasn't a man. *She* was a living, breathing woman! The helmet she usually wore wasn't on her head. Instead, she saw her brown eyebrows, her carefully crofted hair, tied into a tight pony tail, and her face. It didn't even look scarred. She was amazed. Rather than some form-fitting black-and-white dress which showed off her chest to anyone who looked, she wore a suit of black armor, designed with life support technology, which inspired terror and fear across the galaxy. It looked cold, black, and calculating. She had, on her belt, two crimson-colored lightsabers dangling, ready for any fight, to down any possible foe. The armor itself was made of multiple materials.

The armor also ensured that she received enough medicine and nutrients for her to survive, allowing her to endure nearly anything, through multiple environments, especially while wearing the helmet. It was an open secret that Darth Vader was a woman, but somehow the news hadn't reached outside the Empire. If the suit experienced enough pressure it could rupture. However, this armor had multiple protective layers so the likelihood it would rupture was very low. Furthermore, the suit could protect against various weapons and explosions. Each of her two boots had magnetic clamps, allowing the boots to adhere to the suit easily, without any issues. There was even a backup set of armor if it was ever damaged. Over the years she had revise her armor multiple times. She had done all she could to make sure the armor was protected from hacking, but you can't protect from everything. On a certain level, everything is hackable, whether people admit or not. She had not minded saving Aphra, in a sense. When she had landed on a quarantined world, she knew Aphra was there but hadn't originally planned on saving her.

With her heavy black boots stamping on the ground and her suave black pants, her black cape with bright red inner lining fluttered behind her. It was affixed around her neck with a silver chain. She was one determined woman. There was no doubt about that. All of this caught Aphra completely off guard, especially when she saw her big chest. She couldn't get her eyes off it or the entire outfit. It just exuded power. She nearly stumbled over her words. She had never expected this, not in a million years. She almost lost her train of thought. She was completely overwhelmed by it all. She did her best to keep her concentration. She didn't want to give into her urges.

"Lord...Lady? Vader. I, Doctor Aphra--am a...uh...rogue archaeologist, genius who takes initiative, and better than that...uh...Utani Xane." She said little at first. She came close to her, staring right at her like she was nothing more than scum. As her brown eyes stared at her, she felt like they were peering into her soul. She knew that was the beginning of her life's most important partnership, if not the beginning of something much more than that. She could tell this woman was completely ruthless. As for her, she nearly shook in her brown pants and her matching brown leather boots, which she had swiped off some person years ago. She was almost sweating under her white cotton shirt with buttons up to the neck, which was covered by her trademark brown leather jacket, with red accents on the shoulders. The jacket was rolled up at the sleeves as she wanted to show off her arms. Her leather helmet and goggles covered her brown hair, almost like she was keeping it a bit a mystery and hiding it away, like only she could touch it and no one else could. Or *maybe* she just liked wearing the leather helmet and goggles to make a quick get away if needed.

Over the years, Vader's heart had become callous and cold. She had become comfortable with what had happened to her. Any passion that she had left had disappeared many years ago. She could barely remember what it was like before. All the death and suffering over the years had made her grow numb. Something about this woman was *different*. Something she felt she could *connect with*. Surely, she could kill this archaeologist without a second thought. But that would be a waste of an asset. After all, she admired this woman's gumption, her style, and her look which exuded a "look at me, I'm sexy" vibe. She couldn't do that in her suit, so she felt a bit jealous, although she would never admit it.

All the while, Aphra was, on the one hand, trying to figure out how to play this possibly deadly situation, and this lady, to her benefit, finding a way for more riches, adventure, and glory. On the other hand, she was consumed with feelings she never thought she'd have for such a dangerous person. She wasn't sure whether she was on the brink of something massive or not. She kept wondering if she could use this to her advantage. She *almost* felt like she would be the one manipulated instead. On the other hand, she had been in tough situations before. People had called her "troublesome" and small-minded, but she brushed those insults aside.

As she made her way to her ship, the *Ark Angel*, Aphra wondered whether she was making a big mistake or not. She didn't know what to do in this situation, even though she would be on a ship she had built from the ground up. She could tell that this... Lady liked the finer, fancier things in life. Did she eat tea and cookies? What did she like? She remained quiet. Aphra had many questions for her. She led Vader to a part of her ship where kept her tinkerings, works in process, projects, and more. As she did so, her tannish skin was illuminated by the artificial light as was her brown hair. She was ready for whatever Vader threw at her. She would not be caught off guard, not again. Not her.

"Welcome aboard my wonderful ship. Miss--uh...Vader...Big fan...huge fan! How can I help?" Vader grumbled. She didn't like being questioned. Especially not like this. "This is *private business*...I destroyed some droids you had reactivated...I was very impressed with your work." Aphra couldn't help but blush at this praise. She really was vulnerable to it. She loved being praised. "Thank you...uh...Lord Vader...your illustriousness...so how did you find me again?" Part of her wanted to know and the other part didn't. She wasn't fully sure she

wanted the answer. Anyone with sense knew that Vader was terrifying. She knew that, obviously, but she saw an opportunity at the same time.

The dark lord, if you could call her that, breathed deeply, and ominously. "I was in need of what you offer...please call me Lady Vader." She paused. "Only when *we are alone*. Otherwise, you must call me Darth Vader or Lord Vader." Aphra saluted her. "Yes, your majesty...certainly." Out of nowhere, she pushed Aphra against the wall. She pinned her there. She had to assert herself. Aphra had nowhere to go, no way to get out of this. So she went with it. She would have been flirtatious. While she was a bit terrified, something about this really turned her on. She wasn't sure why. She took off her leather jacket, throwing it onto the floor. She began typing on her computer, trying to unlock the Triple Zero matrix.

"Now, you will listen to all of my orders, without question, *do you understand?*" she said, with her face only inches away from Aphra's. The Doctor melted under this pressure. The blush took over her entire face. "Yes, I will, Lady Vader, *I promise*. I won't let you down." In her most forceful voice, she declared, "Good. I look forward to your progress. Don't try my patience." Aphra could only nod. She didn't say anything else. She was shocked when out of nowhere, Vader unlocked the Triple Zero matrix. She didn't know how in the world this was possible. She was incredibly impressed. "You didn't have the codes...how did you do that?" She never answered. Instead, Vader said, "we must leave this place."

Aphra could agree with that. She walked with Vader to the cockpit. After she sat down in a chair, Aphra pulled a lever. The *Ark Angel* jumped into hyperspace. Only seconds after, she looked over at the dark lord. She still couldn't wrap her head around that the person she had thought was a man was *a woman*... who was in the same ship as her... a woman who had decided to be with her. She was almost proud of herself in a certain way. She knew something that others didn't. She certainly would exploit this as much as possible. She would deal with that damn personality matrix later. For now, she just wanted to be in the same place as Vader, almost to, maybe, feed off her power, in a certain way.

Little did she know, but this would be the beginning of Vader's plans for her. The Lady would have use of her in so many ways that she couldn't count. She was unaware that how this woman felt about her *would change* over time in so many ways that it would change their partnership in ways neither one could have ever guessed in those early days. It would go beyond creation of murder robots, later name Triple Zero (a protocol droid), and BT-1 (an astromech). Perhaps Vader made her nervous because of how tall, dark, and able-to-kill her, she was. At the same time, she *wanted* to pledge her loyalty. Maybe Vader was what she had been looking for her entire life. Only time would tell...

End Notes

This fic originally posted on Sunset, a femslash fanfic site. However, it was removed when I was sadly perma-banned for mishandling interactions with a few users, despite apologizing to those users, removing certain passages of fics, and apologizing to the Sunset admin (and others). As such, I would strongly recommend **against** *anyone* joining that site, or Superlove. Both admins (Melo/Kat for Superlove, Agnes for Sunset) are friends with each other. Those admins are very particular and not in a good way. I find the whole circumstance deeply unfortunate. I wish it could have been resolved a much better way.

I did not want this fic to be lost. I have not included some tags I had on Sunset (like Prompt Fill, Sunset's Femslash Refresh 2026, Exclusive to Sunset, Peril and Rescue, Canon Gender Swap - F/M to F/F, and Canon Gender Swap), but others have been retained. On Sunset it was listed as part of one series: "My Femslash Refresh 2026 Collection." I revised the fic a bit from what I published yesterday. When I saw the prompt on Sunset from MadeInGold for "Any/any, unexpected rescue," I immediately thought of this idea. This fic **fulfills** that prompt.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!